The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 11 to 61 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 61 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 61 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 61 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.		For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.	
One Year	$3 00	One Year	$9 72
One Month	25	One Month	85

VOLUME 57.....NO. 20,069

WHEN?

THREATS to tie up the subway and elevated lines as well as the entire surface system of the city are now freely made by organizers for the striking street railway employees.

Is the public powerless against such threats!

Are further serious inconvenience and loss to be inflicted upon the population of the City of New York at the word of a handful of professional strike managers!

It is the public that has given these public service corporations the franchises and the enormous patronage to which they owe their prosperous existence.

It is the public that ultimately furnishes the money which pays the wages and provides a living for these thousands of employees.

Why, when managers and men disagree as to their respective share of the earnings of great utility corporations, must it be the public that suffers first, last and longest?

Over and over again the public has used its authority to secure to employers and employees the protection of their rights.

What about exerting some power to protect itself!

But the real acceptance was weeks ago when the candidate did a standing high jump over the Supreme Bench into the ring.

TAKE HEED.

LAST Sunday's appalling explosion, which shook New York and its suburbs and destroyed some $20,000,000 worth of property, was fortunately attended by a loss of life almost miraculously small.

If the same number of munition ships and barges had blown up during daylight hours the dead would have been counted by hundreds.

The city and indeed the whole country have had a warning.

In the rush of shipping huge quantities of explosives from American ports it is only too probable that Federal and State laws have been in more than one instance ignored. In the case of the Black Tom Island explosion it is charged that box cars containing 3,000 packages of high explosives were left on a railroad siding in a position where they could easily catch fire.

All railroad yards should be searched without delay for similar cases of negligence. Harbors should be vigilantly watched to prevent the lingering of munition-laden barges alongside warehouses or piers after they are ready to lighter their perilous loads to vessels waiting to receive them.

Boston carefully regulates the storage of explosives on its docks, and Norfolk, Va., insists that ammunition shall not be shipped by rail to its piers until steamers are ready to take it aboard.

New York and adjacent ports need wait for no more significant lesson than that of last Sunday. Every Federal and local law restricting the handling of explosives should be diligently published and enforced.

Carranza, it is said, will quit as First Chief in order to run for President. Mexico still makes a formal distinction between votes and rifles.

ANOTHER PLAIN WORD TO BRITAIN.

THE British Foreign Office would find it difficult indeed to put aside this Government's protest against the British plan which involved the blacklisting of American business houses.

Surely Great Britain can never have seriously expected that this nation would meekly surrender the rights of its citizens to do business with individuals or governments of any belligerent nation within the recognized limits of neutrality.

How many more times is it going to be necessary to remind the British Government of the "well-defined international practices and understandings which the Government of the United States deems the Government of Great Britain to have too lightly and too frequently disregarded."

Great Britain has professed to rely greatly upon our friendship and good will. Why, then, try both so needlessly and so often?

Plain, thin glass stood it better than thick, showy plate. It's often the same with folks when the jar comes.

Letters From the People

Trolleys to New Brunswick.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to the question in The Evening World as to a trolley route to New Brunswick, N. J., by way of Staten Island: Take municipal ferry from South Ferry to St. George, then Staten Island Rapid Transit train to Tottenville, then ferry to Perth Amboy, and from there take a Middlesex car marked New Brunswick, which will take you there. C. J. L.

Tribute to a Friend.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly publish this little token of respect to my former friend:

"In a little shop in the heart of this great city a life, which was spent in saving many a poor artist, has passed away. He was a man who strove day and night to help somebody else, a man whose loving kindness and generosity without regard to race, creed or color will never be forgotten. Let us cherish his memory and never forget our beloved friend, the late William H. Powell." JACK WEINER.

Evening World Novels.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The stories which appear in The Evening World in the novel-a-week form are the best on the market today. I have read most of them and I find them exceedingly interesting. The sequel to "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" goes under the name of "Mysterious Island." I hope this story will appear in The Evening World. D. R.

Questions and Answers.

EDWARD JONES—Passports are not necessary for a trip to Bermuda but advisable.

W. T.—See World Almanac, page 668, for population figures of largest cities.

G. BENTSEN—Best road New York to Keansburg is via Staten Island to Perth Amboy, South Amboy and Keyport.

J. G.—Total length Queensboro Bridge, 7,449 feet. See World Almanac, page 518, for all measurements. Population under fourteen years, census 1910, New York State, 2,488,621; New York City, 1,467,774. Population returns not classified at sixteen years.

N. S. K.—O. K. is an abbreviation of "all correct," popularly though erroneously accredited to Andrew Jackson's spelling.

H. SHERIDAN—Standard silver dollars 1877 are worth 100 cents in United States. Trade dollars have uncertain value now.

A READER—Sarah Bernhardt was born of Jewish mother. Present religious faith unknown.

The Shock Was Felt in Europe! By J. H. Cassel

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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WHILE Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, the noted poetess of Delhi, is more or less of a dreamer when it comes to the beautiful in life, she is extremely practical about other things. Prof. Hesperus de la Toura, billed as a hypnotist, visited Delhi recently and gave a demonstration of his alleged power at Hugus Hall. Miss Doolittle doesn't believe in hypnotism and she caused a sensation at the hall that night.

The poetess was seated in the front row with Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien and Mrs. Elisha Q. Pertle when the professor called for volunteers to go up on the stage and be hypnotised. She was the first to respond. The audience was greatly surprised, but Miss Doolittle explained immediately.

"Friends," she said, holding up one hand, "I am skeptical about this hypnotism thing. I am here to test it."

Prof. de La Toura appeared ill at ease, but he went ahead. Passing his right hand before the eyes of the poetess, he said: "You're a bee. Buzz around!"

Miss Doolittle frowned. "Stung!" sang out Mrs. O'Brien.

The audience laughed and the professor gave it up. He said Miss Doolittle was not in a passive state. It was then that the poetess furnished a big surprise. Pulling a roll of poems from her pocket she skinned one off and read as follows:

I do not believe in hypnotism
It is all jolly bunko,
I think a man who'll try to do so
Is a fake and rather punko;
He passes his hand before your eyes,
And says you are this and that,
But he is a crude false alarm,
And his scheme falls flat.

My sister's child, Teeney Nickotta,
Has a gumboil on her jaw,
You're been so naughty, lately, Teeney,
I almost want to shout "Hurrah!"
But, getting back to hypnotism—
It really is not worth a jitney,
Mamie O'Brien had a proposal to wed,
But found the man was in whiskey.

The poem caused a sensation. Prof. de la Toura shouted: "I protest against this." Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien, sister-in-law of Mamie, arose and said: "That's wrong about Mamie. The man was Boots Gooseneck and he was sober that night." It happened that Gooseneck was in the hall and Mrs. O'Brien's accusation brought him to his feet. "I'm Gooseneck," he said. "I want to say I was drunk—good and drunk."

At this point Miss Doolittle held up one hand. When quiet reigned she said: "I merely wish to state that Peter P. Doolittle, my father, will auction his roan mule at our stable to-morrow afternoon. You are all invited."

With that Miss Doolittle left the rostrum and the crowd, recovering its good humor, applauded with great gusto.

All were pleased.

When the Sick Man Seeks a Job

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A MAN writes to me as follows:

"I have been to about a hundred places in answer to an advertisement to seek a job. About seven years ago I was injured, and after considerable time and a long rest I regained my health, but at present am capable of doing any kind of work that I used to do as shipping clerk or printer. On account of losing my last two positions as a result of this ill health, it seems impossible for me to get work. Am a married man and certainly in need of it at present. The great trouble is that the minute you tell the employer that you have been sick he says: 'I can't use you.' I wonder why it is that employers will not give a man a chance who has been ill and has recovered. I think there are many others in the same position who would appreciate an article about it."

Yes, there is considerable to be said on the subject. The chief reason employers do not hire people who have been sick or have a tendency to illness is obvious. They fear that continued efficiency will not be secured from such a man.

Of course, it is all fallacy. Even though a man were to have a sickly tendency that very tendency would be the thing to make him more faithful, more anxious to please, in order to hold down his job.

Aside from this, if a man has recovered from an illness, he should be given a chance. I venture to say many an employer loses a faithful worker just because the appearance has been something against the man. He may look pale or even tired and be perfectly healthy.

Leastwise, the simple principle of humanity would well be exercised in the every day dealing with unfortunates who, in the last analysis, seek the opportunity to work, and thus avoid being a burden on the community.

Furthermore, what an easy matter it would be to lie to the employer—to simply state that you have been entirely well. Is not the employer safeguarded by a man who tells a straightforward story about his past physical disability and present anxiety to get to work?

I know a young man who has the most faithful servant in the world. He found the man on the street one day with his arm broken, and after he had helped him the man went to work for him. He is now the most trusted employee in a large concern and though his arm is useless he performs the most efficient work in the plant.

I know a young woman who rose out of a sick bed in a hospital and took a position in order to help keep the family. She did not tell them that she had come out of a hospital, else she could not have secured the position. She has proved to be invaluable to her employer, a man who has no patience with anyone who is ill.

So that it is not always physical disability in the past that retards the usefulness of the worker in the future. Most often it accelerates it.

At any rate a little fair play every day to the man who is seeking a job cannot but make the employer a better man in the end.

A little bit of tolerance, a little bit of tenacity and a little bit of time are all that is needed to secure the greatest efficiency, even from a "has been."

The employer who turns a deaf ear to the man who has been sick, for that reason alone, has a cash register where his heart ought to be.

A little patience, Mr. Employer, for the sick man who seeks a job. Just reflect, you might have been that man.

How Weapons Began

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No. 11—Cannon. (Part One.)

WHO invented gunpowder? Nobody can say. Not even the name of this benefactor has been preserved to a grateful posterity. Yet he started all the new fashions in long range killing and helped to make a lot of history. And also gave us something to dig subways with, but that's another story.

Some men who claim to know a lot say the Chinese made powder a couple of thousand years ago and that the Arabs used on the Spanish the first cannon Europe ever saw or heard. (Cannon came before the musket). But as far as the real records show, the Germans got the honor of introducing a brand new fashion when they tried artillery against the walls of Cividale, in Italy. This was in 1331, and fifteen years later, at Crecy, the English first used cannon in the field.

The new weapon was a poor job. The first were vase-shaped and fired a dart or chunk of stone. You set it off by sticking a match into the touch-hole. The noise almost scared people to death at the start but otherwise little damage was done, for the range was only a hundred yards. So the wise, stand pat crew haw hawed and swore the new invention wasn't worth a hoot. As for them, they'd stick to the old catapults their forefathers had used. And they did for a long time, but the cannon makers kept on the job and finally turned out a gun that could smash in the walls of a castle. This brought the robber baron business to a quick and final close. Some whacking big "bombards" were put on the market. The largest had a bore of twenty-five inches and fired a slab of rock as big as a tombstone.

The first cannon were poorly mounted. They hadn't wheels or things of that sort, but were simply held in a wooden cradle, laid flat on the ground, and for centuries the big difficulty was in moving them around. A slow walk was their best speed, and they'd often arrive when the battle was over. Sometimes a battery would be captured and recaptured several times in a good, stiff fight.

Gustavus Adolphus, the battling Swede, was the first man to get real use out of field artillery. He distributed the guns among the various regiments and developed the knack of having them where they'd get results.

But, as might be expected, it was the French who finally showed what could be done with field guns. Gribeauval, a real efficiency expert, got control of the artillery corps. He cut down weights, standardized parts, made speed his motto and in other ways prepared things for a fellow countryman who became quite well known all over Europe a hundred years ago. N. Bonaparte was his name.

Rules for Good Salesmanship

(Extracts from a series of addresses delivered at the World's Salesmanship Congress at Detroit.)

The Salesman's Wife.

By W. W. Kincaid.

THE wife enters into the partnership of the salesman. While a silent partner, she is no less a real partner. The success of this partnership depends most surely and to a large degree upon the silent partner.

The wife, through extravagance in the table, in dress, in amusements, in household mismanagement of various kinds, can dissipate what would be otherwise a sufficient if not ample income.

While home economics is fundamental, it is no more so than that which I wish to term home atmosphere. The right home atmosphere appears only where high ideals, chastity and moral integrity are ever maintained.

The wife alone cannot keep the atmosphere of the home pure and sweet, for the husband brings to it an atmosphere which either sustains or destroys that which is created there. But, after all, it is the wife who does create the home, as Ruskin so beautifully expresses it in his "Sesame and Lilies:"

"And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always found round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches round her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless."

Who can measure the stimulating effect upon a salesman of such a wife, surrounded by such a home? He goes forth from it rested, full of energy and with a determination that is invincible. It stays his hand and buoys him up in times of depression and discouragement, carrying him over rough places and urging him on to greater achievement.

He returns to it for sympathy and consolation, for rest and recuperation of his physical, mental and spiritual powers. It is here that all the finer forces of his being are vitalized and recharged to go forth and battle again against the rough and tumble of the commercial world.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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VERILY, verily, my daughter, there be two things which I understand not, yea, three, which incline me to nervous prostration.

The way of a woman that driveth a motor car.

The way of a waiter with a hot dish.

And the way of a man that wooeth a maid.

For, lo, nothing can stop him, neither anything dismay him!

Behold, he singleth her out from the multitude and boldly appropriateth her.

He seeketh subtly to ingratiate himself.

He frowneth upon others who approach her; he monopolizeth her without hesitation.

He taketh her forth in chariots of gasoline and leadeth her unto the BEST restaurants.

He admonisheth her concerning her OTHER men friends to "cut them out," for they are ALL "Cads" and unworthy of her.

He separateth her from her women friends, for they are ALL "Frights" and beneath her.

He criticiseth her raiment and dictateth unto her concerning the shape of her hats; he commandeth her to alter her accustomed way of doing her hair.

He demandeth that she shall eschew the tea-fight and the tango parlor; he abjureth her to stay away from dinner parties; he monopolizeth all her evenings.

And when he hath her thus MAROONED he is satisfied; yea, he is MORE than satisfied!

He is seized with "Conscience" and filled with Panic.

His feet are cold!

He admonisheth her to seek out her friends wherewith to amuse herself, saying:

"Lo, I cannot fill ALL thy time! For I am BUSY."

He taketh her forth in the trolley car and leadeth her unto the table d'hote.

He questioneth her, saying:

"What hath come over thee that thou no longer wearest becoming hats? WHERE are all thy frills and curls and ruffles?"

He seeketh no longer to be entertaining, neither to shower her with gifts. He leadeth her unto the drug store for an ice cream soda.

He is exceedingly bored and stifleth his yawns with difficulty.

He maketh excuses for staying away.

He stayeth away without excuse.

Yea, he gently removeth her fingers, one by one, from the "strings" upon him, as a mother looseneth the fingers of a babe from a toy.

And, lo, the maid IS astonished.

For what woman hath yet learned that that which is to her but the BEGINNING is to a man the beginning of the END?

Selah.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MRS. JARR was sitting at the front window fanning herself. "Isn't it disgraceful the way those children are quarrelling down on the steps of this apartment house?" she said.

"Shall I go down and make our children come upstairs?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I don't suppose you wish me to shout down at them?"

"No," said Mrs. Jarr after some reflection; "I guess it's the heat that gets the children so cranky, and I let ours down because it's shady on this side of the street."

"I'll slip down and ask them to abate the clamor a little. Perhaps they are not quarrelling. Children have a delightful way of speaking to each other like little hoodlums, but it is only their innocent way of hiding the affection they bear for each other."

"I wish they'd hide their affection with a little assumed affectionate language and quiet speaking," sighed Mrs. Jarr. "I only know it sounds dreadful the way they are carrying on. Thank goodness, nobody we care for hears them. Everybody's out of town."

"We're not out of town, nor the Rangles, the Slavinskys, nor the Baplers, nor the Mullers"—

"Oh, please don't talk about THOSE people! Everybody who is Anybody is out of town!" interrupted Mrs. Jarr.

"And the Nobodies who are Everybody in our set are in town. Well, I'll go downstairs and stop those little darlings from tearing each other to pieces," Mr. Jarr added, as a shrieking scream arose from below and a shrill, childish voice was heard threatening to slap a little playmate.

Mr. Jarr descended quietly and found the little girls of the neighborhood were on the stoop of the apartment house next door, waving, as juvenile militants, a dingy yellow pennant with "Votes for Women" emblazoned on it. On the other stoop beside it, in full view of Mr. Jarr, lurking a moment in the darkened hallway, were the little gentlemen of the vicinity, throwing potatoes, empty spools and other small portable objects at the objectionable (to them, evidently) banner.

These objects, when retrieved by the little ladies on the stoop representing Fortress Suffragetta, were hurled back at the little boys with that unerring aim of the female sex, young or old—that aim which is deadly for everything except the object it is directed against. At every miss of a returned missile the boys set up loud cries of mocking derision.

"Yah! Yuh can't be soldiers when you grow up! Yuh can't even be baseball players!" cried Master Izzy Slavinsky, as an old flattened baseball was returned directly at him, only to go some four feet wide and drop ingloriously into the areaway.

"But we'll be school teachers, Izzy Slavinsky and Johnny Rangle and Willie Jarr, when we grow up! And we'll give you demerit marks, and when your mamma and papa see your report cards you'll get a whipping!" shrieked little Miss Jarr.

"Naw, we won't," retorted the astute Slavinsky. "By that time we'll be too big to go to school. Yah!"

And this striking the other young gentlemen as a crushing reply, they all jumped up and down after the manner of malicious little monkeys and rapped, "Yah! Yah! Yah!" in chorus and then began to "make faces" at the embattled suffragettes.

There would doubtless have been some further reprisal that would have led to violence at this point, but for the interruption of little Miss Rangle, who had evidently been sent shopping. She turned the corner and came running up the street with the announcement that a penny ice cream peddler was on the avenue and that Gussie Bepler's father had said he'd treat any children that were around.

And in five seconds all the children in gleeful unison and friendly accord were around—around the corner.

"There's nothing like it!" said Mr. Jarr when he returned upstairs. "For unadulterated joy give children adulterated sweets, and to keep children quiet here, the only way is to let them be noisy there!"

Hold fast by the present. Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite value, for it is the representative of a whole eternity.—GOETHE.

August

ORIGINALLY "August" was "Sextilis," the sixth month, and consisted of twenty-nine days. When Julius Caesar reformed the calendar he gave an extra day to Sextilis, extending it to thirty days. When Augustus ascended the imperial throne of Rome he changed the name of the month to August, in honor of himself. The preceding month, Quintilis, had been changed to July in honor of Julius Caesar, and the Senate thought to propitiate Emperor Augustus by permitting him to claim a similar honor. Augustus, who held a rather good opinion of himself, was not satisfied, however, because the month of Julius had thirty-one days, while his month had only thirty. This was intolerable to his vanity, and so he proceeded to filch a day from poor old February and add it to the month of August. Ever since then all nations deriving their civilization from the Romans have commemorated the name and fame and vanity of Augustus in their calendars.

Thomas Lynch

BY a strange trick of fate, Thomas Lynch, youngest "signer" of the Declaration of Independence, was also the first one of these men to die. Lynch was born in Prince George Parish, S. C., Aug. 5, 1749. He was only twenty-six when the Congress declared the independence of the colonies. Ill-health compelled him to leave Congress soon afterward, and near the close of 1779 he embarked on a vessel, intending to go to Europe for the benefit of his health. The ship on which he sailed was never heard of afterward, and the fate of the youngest of the "signers" remains a mystery. It is supposed, of course, that the ship sank and that Lynch and all on board were drowned; but there were rumors that it was blown out of its course in a storm and wrecked on a lonely island of the West Indies, and that some of the passengers and crew were saved. Thomas Lynch was educated in England and was the son of a wealthy South Carolina planter.